Lr Lettmr L-8 (1868-93) 1893? AVS Dard AVS

539 11. A. Tshekin thim; tikki wéy mush, oh Berader
Adin; thin: muddy mush: ey Berader
B. Hamirey ushtiki, pûki thin, palitin
Ni rámey ló no bly, oh Berader!

[538] The last word in each sentence, as is usual with all Shin songs, is repeated at the beginning of the next line. I may also remark that I have accentuated the words *as pronounced in the songs* and not as put down in my Vocabulary.

Translation.

MESSAGE TO A SWEETHEART BY A FRIEND.

You are going up to Gitshe, oh my dearest friend,
Give my compliment and salute when you see my hawk.
Speak to her. I must now go into my house; my mother is no more
And I fear the sting of that dragon,* my step-mother—
Oh noble daughter of Samat Khan: I will play the flute
And give its price and keep it in my bosom.

The second song describes a quarrel between two brothers who are resting after a march on some hill far away from any water or food wherewith to refresh themselves.

Younger brother.—Am I to eat now, what am I to say, there is, oh my brother, neither bread nor water.
Am I to fetch some [water], what am I to say, there is no mussk [a water-skin], oh my brother!

Elder brother.—The lying nonsense of Hamir (the younger brother) wounds me deeply (tears off the skin of my heart).
There will be no day to this long night, oh my brother!

12. THE TRANSITORINESS OF THIS WORLD.

Kâka, mussi dji rdum	*Mîy dâsgu ni bîy*	*Tâkim*
Brother! I what am to say?	My choice it is not	In the
awusi dâro	*Mâjo lâskyu ni bîy*	*Dujâlo*
whole of the present time	To me shame is not	The next
âlo jûlo	*Jâki mâlatsu kan*	
world near has come	People despairing will be	

* The "Hangwa," a fabulous animal mentioned elsewhere.

Bāgh with, Shārkot, kuṛē Ṭāgē Aṭṭōnō,
In the green place, in Shārkot, a great fight happened to be,
Kuṛī Khēl, Phāgē dāgān mārāgē,
O Kuṛīkhēl (a tribe of Kohistan) Phāgē is captured and killed.

Translation.

a. In a green place, near the mosque, in a place of rest,
Within an enclosure the prince was killed.
In a green place, near a mosque, in a spot of rest,
Bring the bier and lay it down, to bring him home who has no kith.

a. In the green place, that Shārkōt, where the halting-place of guests
Is deserted, the Sikhs committed slaughter.
In the green place, in Shārkot, a great fight took place.
Oh, Kuṛīkhēl tribe, Phāgē was captured and killed.

a. The following song is a *ghārānā*, or quatrain, composed by Qamrān, a Gabrāl poet. The song treats of the love between Gul-i-mailk, a prince of Kām, and Dūlāgmai (the Fairy-queen).

The first line of a *ghārānā* is called *Zawābāk*, and the remaining poem is divided into stanzas or "Khōshās," consisting each of four lines. At the end of every stanza the burden of the song is repeated:

Burden.—*Mō bāgē mōgāṛē, mā ughōr bāgān Mūhabbat mārē*
I became a stranger, my travel became towards Hindustan.
Mī dārī mōlāw, dārī mōlāwī ahī Kōhistān mārē
My prayer-compliments, prayer-compliments, to the inhabitants of Kohistan (may go forth).
Mārē Mūhābbā ahī, O Dārāī mō lāī kōrāghārē
I myself am Mūhābbā (name of the Prince Gul-i-mailk), O Dārā, thou didst love me.

Burden.—*Ōhō, Mārē Mūhābbā ahī, O Dārāī, Ahī Mūhābbā thy ahī kōr ahīn*
Woe, I am Mūhābbā, O Dārā, now thy Mūhābbā from thy embrace has lost his senses.

1.

Burden.—a. *Mārē Mūhābbā ahī, O Dārāī, Mūhābbā thy, ahī ahī dārāīn*
I myself am Mūhābbā, O Dārā, thy Mūhābbā hears his heart from thy love.

a. *Ahī ahīn mārīlīn gārāī, Mūhābbā Dārāī mārī - ahī kārārīn*
In the heart there is no ease, which Mūhābbā after Dārā has lost.

p. *Ba ō kōr yārāīlā, mārā gārī mārīlā Kōr mā mārīn*
Ours, yours, was friendship, I heard so at that time.

a. *Ghārī kārī ahī, hāī hāī, mā Ārāī gārīnā mārīlīn*
Why dost thou . . . woe! woe! the pain of Eternity wrote us.

Burden.—p. *Ōhō, Mārē Mūhābbā ahī, O Dārāī, Ghī Mūhābbā thy ahī kārāī ghī.*
Woe, I am Mūhābbā, O Dārā, etc., etc.

[539]

[538] •

4 ADJ Dard Adj

in the colloquial. Dr. Leitner has collected a large number of Shina songs.

Oral traditions and genealogies are also preserved in families to whom this duty is assigned, and carefully handed down from father to son.

The ancient weapons were bow and arrows, battle-axe and round leather shield. Those able to afford it also wore a shirt of mail and a steel cap. The bow and battle-axe have been replaced by matchlock and sword, but are not yet quite obsolete. Though powder is easily made, the tribes have to depend on Cashmere and Badakhshan for matchlock barrels, so Robin Hood's weapon is still used in the chase. The bows are made of strips of ibex horn, softened in water and bound together, and are very tough, powerful weapons. The battle-axes are of different shapes, according to locality, some of them being inlaid with silver, or having engraved patterns on them. The old weapons are carefully preserved and produced on the occasion of weddings, which would not be thought complete without them. A bridegroom presenting himself at the house of his father-in-law elect without a battle-axe would be sent away to get one, and if unable to do so would have to make an extra payment. In the present day the men of Chitral are noted for their swordsmanship, which has gained many a victory over matchlocks. In 1852 a regiment of Goorkhas in the Maharajah of Cashmere's service were cut to pieces by Chitral and Yassin swordsmen within 3 miles of Gilgit, though they formed square, and tried to reach the fort from which they had been cut off, in that formation.

Dard warfare is, however, seldom of a very resolute nature, and their records are full of accounts in which two or three days' skirmishing has led to the defeat of one party or the other with the loss of a few men only. Every village has one or more forts according to the number of inhabitants, in which all can take refuge in case of need. Owing to the easily defensible nature of the country, surprise is absolutely necessary to success. An attack having been determined on, every effort is made to throw the enemy off his guard, and then, by a succession of forced marches, possession is gained of the pass or the narrow part of the valley which forms the key of his country. Should these be gained, the inhabitants of the invaded country take refuge in their forts. Their defence then depends almost entirely on the state of their supplies. Sometimes their water-supply is

In Gorvis T-4 (Jan Gang) 1956 AVI Kashmir ASIF
Dard Avj

000 backs bent, feet tired and stumbling, just staggering on for days, with eyes on the ground, perhaps fixed on the heels of the man ahead, their heads only lightened by that which they ate at intervening less for the journey back; the man who fell was hardly noticed by those who were with him unless he happened to be a relation.

101 Gilgit, together with Astor, Bunji, Chilas, Hunza, and a few
361 other places is often referred to as Dardistan. Gilgit is the most
[491] important place, being nearest the frontier; a British Political Agency was stationed here. The town of Gilgit is the only town of any importance; it has been built on the Gilgit river at a place which is some miles above where that river joins the Indus, and at a height almost the same as Srinagar.

241 Much of the Gilgit valley is well cultivated, with fruit trees in the fields wheat and barley are grown; in those which are available to water, fairly good crops of rice, but where cultivation has not been attempted, the land is barren, though some of the hillsides carry large woods of fir and juniper, and higher still there is birch.

133 The country is hard, bleak and inhospitable—the sort of place one immediately associates with the word "out-post"; one can imagine the disappointment, if not horror, of a married British officer on learning that he had been posted to that garrison, but it was not so for the single man to whom the great
526 attraction was the shooting and the polo. Like all towns and large villages in the mountains, Gilgit has an excellent polo ground which is still used although the British have gone, for the men of the country excel in horsemanship and polo is their national game.

• 538 Just as the valley of Kashmir is the home of the fairy tales,
181 so also are the Gilgiti legends famous for those parts; fortunately a great number of them have been preserved for all time by [illegible] others doubtless have a certain amount of truth in them; they contain the history of that part; in them can be seen the character of the men of Gilgit as they have always been, cruel, hard and fearless, and of their womenfolk, lacking nothing in courage and cruelty.

000 One story so told will never be lost to the people; there is

539 And the Queen ordered that the youths be brought to her. She was at once smitten by the likeness of the new handsome Yaddiloo to the Ko she had poisoned. She asked the youth from whence he had come, who his parents might be, and he told her all he knew. Then she was certain that he must be her son. The years had softened her, she was sad and lonely at times, for her daughter had vanished and left her cruelly, and she told him the use of his arms, pronouncing him to the race of Gilgit as their rightful Ko and sending him on the "Hills Ho"—the mountain stone of the Ras of Gilgit. He was later to become the most famous of all the Ras of Gilgit, his rule was wise and strong, he extended the frontiers of his country, "he increased them to beyond Hunza and Nagar, right to the confines of Cathay." His nephews Gishis and Mughlots—the sons of his sister—he made the first rulers of Hunza and Nagar, their descendants being the Mirs there today. His memory will ever remain with the people of Gilgit, for there are as many songs of his great deeds and his wisdom now held up before the youths of those land economic parts as an example of what they, who also are lords of that land, can achieve.

• 538 The men will sit for hours telling such stories as this to the young men and boys, stories of blood, honour, swords and wars, whilst the women's stories, though not so bloodthirsty, are also those which subtitle a determination in the girls that the land, the gold and the women of Gilgit shall never be taken, whatever the sacrifice demanded or the price paid to hold them.

543 The people of Gilgit are Mohammedans of both the Shia and the Sunni sects, the people of Nagar are of the Shia sect only, those of Hunza of the Ali-Ilahi sect—that is, believing that Ali is God, the others are Mohdists.

[illegible] ...ascribed as he so did, the Knights talk of walking to the entrance of the Knights unlit, through which there is a track leading on to Yaghistan, and of a carving of the Lord Buddha to be seen on the face of a great rock.

721 The chiefs of Gilgit "living in their economic fortune", were in the days gone by, "notorious for their raids into the countries of their neighbours, which they made with impunity".

1 [See continuing 539, pp. 205-09] -- Author]

Dard Arch
Chitral

dust of red and other coloured rock in the mountains at the head of the Ghizr valley, which makes a pleasant change after the monotony of the everlasting grey of the mountains and shingle slopes. 173

One thing disappointed me very much in the country, and that was the paucity of remains of archæological interest. Here and there you see an undoubted Buddhist tope, though, curiously enough, I do not think that a single piece of Buddhist masonry, such as you would find in any other portion of the frontier, exists in any fort or road embankment. There is not one single inscription in the whole country, except one found by Colonel Lockhart between Mastuj and Chitral commemorating the invasion of a Chinese army. I hunted the country high and low, promised rewards, did all I knew to get information, and the Chitralis would have shown us anything, for they are no bigots, but I never found the trace of an inscription. There are no buildings of historical interest, there were no written records, but there is a wonderful folklore which, I am sure, will repay research. It is rapidly being ruined by Mahomedanism, and in a few years, I am afraid, many of the old beliefs and legends will have passed away, but it was a mine of wealth which I had no time to explore. 172 631 • [177]

A conspicuous thing in the country are those of pure stone, the remains of rock-built villages, attributed to the Kafirs, perched on some almost inaccessible crag, great circular enclosures, looking like gigantic sheep-folds, the reputed hiding-places of Moghul armies, but so far from water that they cannot have been fortifications, and circles of stones pointing to dead worships. But all these are of the rudest type 174

Dard 4<3
Ch: Frost

gave but just room for a horse to move along its face. We crossed a succession of great bowl-shaped bays in the hills, several miles across from side to side, cut up by deep ravines, the whole bed of the source one mass of cultivation wherever water could be brought to bear. The outlet for the streams which drain these bays into the main river below is generally through a narrow gorge hundreds of feet deep, with walls so precipitous and hill so rapid that no regularly made path can be taken along it. The Chitralis averred that no man had ever succeeded in getting through one particular gorge.

We struck a vein of felt-lore which I should have loved to explore, but I had no time to work it properly, and for really satisfactory results the enquirer must talk the language of the country, which I could not. We were sitting one night after dinner by our camp fire, looking across the valley at the dim form of Tirich Mir, rising ghostly and white in the pale moonlight, when one of our hosts casually mentioned the existence of a lake at the foot of the great mountain by the side of which are the flat stones on which the fairies wash their clothes. Readers could hardly be reminded of the Continental and Eastern habit of beating linen on a flat stone. [illegible] stones there in great numbers; these must be the round pot holes found in the rocks of all glacier streams, but what the washing-boards were I could not make out, and the lake was unfortunately miles away, so that time could not be spared to explore.

The conversation so began gave rise to much talk about the fairies. We were told that they

David Ave
Chitral

were heard to sing or wail round the towers of Shoghot Fort ten or twelve days before one of the ruling family died, and this led to the information that the present Mehtar's great-grandfather had married a fairy, having been a master of the love which gives command over them. The king and his fairy bride lived on for years as husband and wife without any one knowing it, as he was in the habit of going to Gairat, a village seven miles below Chitral, where the fairies from Tirich Mir assemble every Friday night to say their prayers, and meeting her there. This place is still used by the fairies for their devotions, which take place at a spot marked by a large flat stone. No one will go shikaring there alone, and my informant, who was once benighted, and had to spend the night close to the spot with a single companion, heard the ghostly call to prayer, and the air full of the voices of a great multitude talking Chitrali. The union of the old king with the fairy was blessed with one daughter, and she, though a very old woman now, has continued to take an interest in the fortunes of the royal family, and warns them of the approaching death of any member by the sounds heard at Shoghot. Many men had seen her, notably a man still living at Chitral, with whom we were promised an interview which unluckily did not come off.

Those who have seen the fairies, and a couple of years before a large number of them were seen by many of the inhabitants of the valley, flying through the air to Tirich Mir, some on horseback and some on foot, describe them as exactly like

A Durand G-8 (1880-82) 1000 AVI Rudolph
Dard A-13
Chitral

men and women, but very beautiful, and dressed mostly in white. Their only peculiarity seems to be that they have no knee or ankle joints, and that the toes of their feet point to the rear, the heel being to the front. This by the way must be inconvenient when riding. They occasionally carry off men for ten days or so, and treat them well. The man at Owir, who was carried off, lived with them for ten days, and saw the old king's fairy daughter. He reports having seen very large numbers of fairies, and that he was pressed to marry by them, but on his refusing was returned to his home. They appear never to do any one good, and to distribute their thievish tricks and the harm they do indiscriminately among the righteous and the evil-doers.

531 ●
774

Asked what the fairies subsisted on, our informant explained that if any man had about the amount he had harvested, and told his neighbour that he had only ten maks of grain when he really had garnered twenty, the fairies took the balance, and left him with what he professed to have harvested. He had never heard of their doing any harm to cows, but said they undoubtedly rode the horses at night, and that if a man had done his horse's mane up nicely, he was likely to find him in the morning completely tired out, and with the mane tangled, knotted, or plaited. I could not quite make out which, or whether the knotting the mane corresponded with our "witches' stirrups." He also told us of a man living at a village above Chitral who had gone out shooting, and shot at and wounded an ibex, which escaped. A few days

4 Demand G-2 (1889-92) 1900 AVI Kashmir
Dard AVJ
Chitral

after a man of the village, who is lame to this day, came up and asked why he had shot him, and on the sportsman denying it, and saying he had only shot at an ibex, the lame man, who is known to be an expert in fairy lore, said, "I was the ibex."

We then unfortunately asked about their religion, and have got away from folk-lore proper to the made-up stories of the wizard, for we were told that those skilled in fairy art said the fairies were of all religions, Mahomedans who worship at Gairat, and who have Mullahs like terrestrial Mahomedans, Hindoos, and others. What the latter worshipped we could not discover. The fairies, we learnt, are at great enmity with the demons, whom they very much fear.

The principal harm they do is to deprive people of their senses and to carry them off. They occasionally make themselves obnoxious by infesting a village. Lately a fairy had taken possession of one, and had wounded several people by throwing stones at them. No one was killed, but the fairy made it especially unpleasant for any one opening any closed box in a house, and finally the nuisance became so great that the Mehtar was appealed to. He called in the help of a wise man who exorcised the fairy, and no further harm was done.

The whole of the above was got from our informant without asking a single leading question, except that I asked him if ever the fairies rode people's horses, but his answer was so ready and detailed that it could hardly have been made up at the moment. Everything he told us was said

4: Durand G-3 (1888-95) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Dard AV3
Chitral

with an air of conviction, and as if talking of an everyday matter: it was a most delightful experience, and I only wished I could take down the conversation in shorthand, for much of the detail must have been lost. Belief in fairies is universal in the Hindu-Kush, and, for the matter of that, in one form or another throughout the East.

A travelled and well-educated Kashmiri with us was with the greatest difficulty repressed during our talk; he was always wanting to break in with some Kashmiri variation, civilised and thereby ruined, of these local tales. The next day took us to Owir, where we camped at a height of ten thousand feet, having ridden up five thousand feet, and crossed at sixteen thousand a razor-back pass between the two valleys. It was beginning to be very cold, and we enjoyed making the descent on foot, plunging straight down the shaley slopes.

The sandstone strata at the top of the valley seemed full of fossils. I picked up a couple of large ones, some convoluted shell, but, unfortunately, my orderlies did not understand that I attached any importance to them, and they were lost. There is but one drawback to a march such as we were making, and that is the time limit. You pass many things of interest which you cannot visit; you are constantly tantalised by a half glimpse of some beauty or curiosity which you pass with a sigh, knowing that you will never have the chance of seeing it again. I longed to stop and dig, and to hunt for fossils here, as I had longed to explore the Buddhist topes on the road, or to spend days trying to get at the folk-lore, but the fates drove us on.